

Union Station Time Card

EFFECTIVE JAN. 1, 1907.

Hocking Valley

NORTH BOUND.

No. 31	7:00 am
No. 33	10:25 am
No. 35	1:50 pm
No. 37	5:15 pm
No. 39	8:40 pm

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 36	8:50 am
No. 38	12:25 pm
No. 40	3:50 pm
No. 42	7:15 pm
No. 44	10:40 pm

*Daily.
No. 38 starts from Marion.
No. 39, stops at Marion.
No. 39 will leave Columbus at 6 pm on Sundays.

FRIE RAILROAD

No. 10, Chautauque Ex.	12:45 am
No. 8, New York Ex.	5:32 am
No. 4, Vestibule Limited.	6:53 pm
No. 16 Accommodation.	12:55 pm
No. 22 arrives	5:10 pm

C. & E. DIVISION.

No. 9, Chicago Express.	12:55 am
No. 3, Vestibule Limited.	10:34 am
No. 21	7:00 am
No. 11	3:45 pm
No. 7, Pacific Express.	11:10 pm

No. 9, Cincinnati Express.	1:15 am
No. 3, Vestibule Limited.	10:34 pm
No. 11	3:45 pm
*Daily.	s Daily except Sunday.

New York Central Lines [BIG FOUR ROUTE]

WEST BOUND.

No. 15	6:40 am
No. 19	9:52 am
No. 23	2:00 pm
No. 5	4:32 pm
No. 43	7:30 pm
Local	11:45 am

EAST BOUND.

No. 36	10:48 am
No. 40	12:17 pm
No. 44	5:27 pm
No. 48	7:25 pm
No. 52	11:14 pm
Local	3:30 pm

All trains daily except locals and Nos. 5 and 10.
L. E. NEBERGALL,
Ticket Agent.
Phones—Home 249; Bell 177.
Effect Jan. 1, 1907.
For further information regarding trains, call information operator either phone.

THOSE TWINS

Make it cheaper to travel than to stay

At Home

Twin tickets are tickets good either for one round trip or for two people one way. Just like buying two street car tickets. Twin tickets between Marion and Columbus are worth \$1.35 a pair. Ask the man at the Union Station. He sells them only via the

HOCKING VALLEY

I CAN SELL

Your Real Estate or Business
No Matter Where Located.
Properties and Business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write today describing what you have to sell and give cash price on sale.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY
any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere at any price write me your requirements. I can save you time and money.

DAVID P. TAPP,
THE LAND MAN.
415 Kansas Avenue
TOPEKA, KANSAS

REMEMBER

We move and store
your goods and do
all kinds of transfer
work. Phone 155.

PEOPLES TRANSFER CO

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

Eleven years ago Dr. King's New Discovery permanently cured me of a severe and dangerous throat and lung trouble, and I've been a well man ever since.—G. O. Floyd, Merchant, Kershaw, S. C.

FOLLY AS IT FLIES

HOW ONE MOTH WAS DRAWN FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHT.

Gay Young Rounder Needed Only to Have His Feet Set in the Right Direction and the Plain Path.

Setump didn't draw any dividends from bowling alleys, saloons, or theaters; but he was a free spender, and made welcome by all the proprietors of such places.

One day Setump got moody and sad. His clothes were glossy, and since he couldn't be relied on to do good work because he stayed out late at nights and often came to work with a bad headache, he had not been promoted for 18 months. Further, Setump was penniless and owed a three weeks' board bill.

Setump began to think. Thought produced action, and he went to see a wise old uncle who often gave him good advice, and had on one occasion rescued him out of the hands of some relentless loan sharks.

"How now?" said the uncle. "Why so sad?"

"I'm nearly down and out," was the reply. "I can't keep good habits, somehow, and I can't save."

"His relation scratched his head and pondered for a few minutes. Then he said, 'I like you because you have the elements of a man in you. I'll help you by giving you an inducement to save your money. For every dollar you bring me inside the next two years I'll add half a dollar. It'll cost me some money, but I guess it'll be worth it.'"

Fired by the ambition of making such easy money, Setump neglected his old haunts at the bowling alleys, the saloons, and the theaters. Inside a month he brought his uncle a few dollars, which the old man promised to put carefully away for him and add the percentage promised. And he kept on bringing his uncle all the money he could spare.

The habit of saving and the virtue of accumulation soon showed itself in his appearance. His clothing was good and well kept. His eyes were bright and healthy. What most pleased him was the fact that he began to be advanced regularly, and before the two years were up he had become assistant to the head of a big department.

At the close of the two years Setump went to his uncle to draw his money. The sum was so large that he protested the old man had been adding more than he should.

"Are you satisfied?" was the query. "Perfectly," was the reply. "I never expected nearly so much."

"Well, I'll be honest with you. The money just handed to you represents your savings alone with accrued interest. Lately I've met with some reverses, and am unable to add my proportion; but I will later.

"In this world," said the uncle, "habits are the real giant forces for good or evil. I simply helped you to establish one good habit, and let like make, all the rest of the virtues followed in its train. The forming of one good habit and sticking to it often will help a man to make good head way in a manner faster than he could imagine in his wildest dreams."

Happy Solution.

"My dear," said the bridegroom, the day after they had returned from their wedding journey. "I have a suggestion to make that I think will work to our mutual satisfaction and benefit."

"Now, John, darling," said the bride, preparing to weep at the slightest excuse. "Remember, I never said I could cook."

"Don't worry; it isn't about your cooking. It is about the letters you write and ask me to mail. It strikes me that we might be happier."

"If I didn't write to anyone? Oh, John, how—"

"Wait until I have finished, my dear. All I want to suggest is that you mail your own letters, so I won't be forever forgetting them, and in return for so doing that I will sew all my buttons on. By doing so it seems to me we will overcome two obstacles to married happiness that have caused trouble since buttons and letters were invented."

And the little bride, having checked her tears, agreed to try the plan—Judge.

Caught.

The big fish which got away was caught in our reservoir today at the National Military home in Ohio. This is the first one on record recaptured.

Our champion angler was fishing for bass and caught a small one, then rebaited his hook with a lively minnow and made another cast, when, to his own words, there was a rush of the big fish for the bait, the quick pull to fasten hook, the broken line and the oft-told story repeated—the fish got away with part of the line and float attached. The float indicated the motions and position of the fish as he tried to get rid of the hook, and many anglers and friends of the unfortunate fisherman offered suggestions and helped to recapture the struggling bass, one offering to carry a skiff from an adjoining lake and get out after him. Finally the fish approached the shore near enough to cast a line over him and fasten the broken line. The crowd on shore awaited the result with excited, eager attention as the fish was brought to net and safely landed. When weighed the indicator pointed to six ounces—Forest and Stream.

ALL SPOKE THEIR MINDS.

Ears of the Late Ebenezer Must Have Tinged.

"Ebenezer Squeer wa'n't much," said Aunt Abigail. "If the Lord wanted him He's welcome, as far as I'm concerned. If He was callin' men accordin' to merit, Ebenezer would be waitin' a long time after some of the rest of us was taken. The Lord moves in mysterious ways and just why He wanted Ebenezer Squeer is one of 'em. But He's got him, whether He wanted him or not, and the association might as well pass resolutions of regret if it will make the burden any lighter for the widow."

The text of 'em was the hardest work we had to do. I drafted 'em first, but when the association got through amendin' 'em the original copy had to be rewrote. 'Whereas, on the late Ebenezer Squeer, who was called to his eternal rest, etc., Melva Driggs moved to strike out the word 'lamented,' and that was struck out as a concession to the minority. Then Zerophy Wilkins moved to strike out all after 'called.' She said the statement about 'realms of everlasting bliss' was purely guesswork, with the chances agin its being true. She moved to substitute 'from fields of labor' for 'realms of everlasting bliss,' makin' it read 'Whereas, our late brother, Ebenezer Squeer, has been called from fields of labor,' Melva Driggs wanted to know if Zerophy ever saw any field where Ebenezer Squeer had labored. She said such a resolution was a deliberate slur on every workin' person within the range of her voice, which is considerable when she is set up. She moved to strike out everything after 'called,' makin' it read, 'Whereas, the late Ebenezer Squeer has been called, and as nobody could find anything to complain of in that sentiment, we let it stand at that.'

"I'm free to confess, when we got 'em finally adopted, there wasn't much meat in 'em. I took a copy of 'em and they read:

"Whereas, the late Ebenezer Squeer has been called, and—Whereas, our beloved sister, Sophy Squeer is left to mourn, and—Whereas the Woman's Charitable association realized that afflictions are only blessings in disguise, now, therefore—Be it resolved, that this association extends its regret and sympathy to Sister Sophy Squeer, an honored, beloved and respected member of this association, and that an engrossed copy of these resolutions be sent to Sister Squeer."—Success Magazine.

Fire Test for Rugs.

The dusty rug salesman took a red hot coal from the grate, and holding it tight in the tongs, touched it to the splendid Persian rug.

"Oh!" gasped the visitor, as the costly rug sizzled and gave off a little smoke and an odor of burning.

But the salesman smiled. He threw the coal back into the grate. He pointed to the charred spot, as big as a half dollar, on the rug's cream colored ground.

"Regard, madam," he said. "And with his hand he brushed the brown entirely away. In a moment nothing of it was left. The rug came forth from its fiery ordeal the same as before, only, in that one spot, the fabric was perhaps an eighth of an inch thinner."

"A Persian rug that will not come unharmed from the fire test," said the salesman, "is not, madam, worth your attention."

Costly Seats in Parliament.

The 1,273 candidates who sought political honors at the last general election, according to London Answers paid \$5,800,000 for the privilege. They polled between them 5,645,104 votes so that each vote cost one dollar.

The dearest seat in the house of commons was that won by J. H. Behl, who sits for the Romford division of Essex. He paid \$19,200 for the honor, but as he polled 21,534 votes the post of each was below the average.

The cheapest seat in the house for which the owner had to fight was held by John J. Mooney, the member for Newry, who paid \$600 for the 80 votes he obtained. His opponent's 735 votes cost him \$1,800.

Keir Hardie and Will Thorne's expenses amounted to \$1,860 and \$2,510 respectively. Mr. Balfour's unsuccessful contest at Manchester cost him nearly \$5,000.

Malapropos.

"I understand that the Rev. Mr. Goodings is considered to have very little tact."

"He hasn't any. Once he lost a cat to a large church in Philadelphia. He was invited over there to preach, and roared out his text twice in a loud voice: 'Awake, thou that sleepest.'"

Not Such a Fool After All.

A theological student supposed to be deficient in judgment was asked by a professor in the course of a class examination:

"Pray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?"

"By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Slightly Sardonic.

"How did that university you founded turn out?"

"It is doing great work," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It is devoting special attention toward economic studies in the hope of finding a way to prevent all the wealth and power from drifting into the hands of grasping persons like myself."

Results Just as Bad.

The Beggar—Please, sir, will you kindly assist a poor man who has three wires to support?

The Philistine—Why, do you mean to say you are a beggar?

The Beggar—No, sir. Two of them are the wires of my suspension bridge.

HURRY AND WORRY

THE TWO CHIEF CAUSES OF NEUROUS EXHAUSTION.

Avoid These, Says a Leading Physician, and You May Live Out Your Aliquot Days and Do Your Life's Work Well.

Dr. Thomas C. Ely, of Philadelphia, in an article on neurasthenia in the Journal of the American Medical Association, lays much stress on hurry and worry as leading causes of nervous exhaustion. He has this to say:

"Learn to hurry little and worry not at all. An illustration consists in the fatigue in the hurry to catch a train, which is out of all proportion to the physical effort expended. Individuals are too much like the modern telephone sign, 'always on duty.' For hurried and worried business or hurried and worried pleasure, hurry alone or worry alone are poisonous to the normal functions of the nerve system. But the American combination of worried hurry is deadly. Each brings into action the worst features of the other."

Of course every one who stops to think will agree with the author, but how few are able to follow his good advice? Worry is only the extra work, the increased wear and tear for which we are never paid. It always hinders but never wins. It means incapacity for anticipated efforts, and yet we constantly blame circumstances rather than our individual selves. The man who is always ready and takes time to be sure before he starts never needs hurry or worry. How few can do this consistently? Then comes the breakdown which is so often charged to mere overwork. In 99 cases in a hundred it is the worry, always useless, that eventually weakens and kills.

The gloomy foreboding not only saps the energy of all valiant endeavor to conquer difficulties, but cheats us in the end by proving the old adage, that "the expected never happens." If we compare notes we can easily prove the comforting truth of the saying. If the disconsolate man who for years feared the death of his invalid wife could have known she would survive him for more than a quarter of a century how much unnecessary mental suffering would have been spared him?

The absolute utility of worry is the lesson of it all. The future, as a rule, is more often a surprise and delight than a disappointment; and discipline we receive when we look ahead and smile when we look back. But with most people experience counts for nothing when new obstacles appear. If in the old story that the last difficulty will be insurmountable. But each in his turn soon learns that he cannot control events, disturb the relations of cause and effect or alter the immutable laws of destiny, no matter how strongly he may yearn to do so. The only reasonable way to adjust matters is to wait until the time comes for the solution of the dreaded problem.

Mostly, also, we lack the courage, patience, good judgment and preparedness to meet the issues as they arise. We waste thought, strain nerve and banish sleep in anticipation of that which never transpires. "Don't shoot until they come out," combines lots of sound wisdom with no end of good philosophy. We not only worry in advance of the thing, but after it is done if we calmly planned our escape and tried our best what more could have been done?

A main difficulty is in striving to do too much and in overtaxing our capacities. The strong, steady, self-reliant man has no misgivings, but the weak one mistrusts every thing, himself included. He contrives against odds and worries and hurries, while others eat, sleep and are merry.

But this is going to be the way with the average nervous American. It was he, in fact, who invented neurasthenia. The disease has become a habit with him, and worry, hurry, restlessness and irritability are its leading features. He takes his business home with him, eats with it, sleeps with it, dreams with it. It is his shadow at the fire side and table; it blurs all his pleasures, stands between him and his family, all because he must borrow trouble and mortgage happiness, health and life in the balance.

The Best Nervine.

To sleep out of doors for a month is better than a trip to Europe. In this climate one must have a roof, of course, but any piazza that is open to serve as a bedroom; and the gain in happiness is unbelievable. With an abundant supply of good air the sleep grows normal, deep and undisturbed and refreshing, so that we open our eyes upon the world as glad as a hunter or any pagan shepherd in the morning of the world. We grow anxious and flustered and hurried with distractions; the goldfish of worry becomes an insupportable companion, and we grow to spirit that the universe is all awry, when in truth half a dozen deep breaths of clean air would lead a different complexion to life. Our anxieties are nearly all artificial, and are bred indoors, under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs and the maddening clangor of pavements, and a day in the open will often dispel them like a mist.—Ellis Carman, in American Craftsman.

Rigors of Alpine Winter.

The situation in Switzerland, owing to snowstorms, is much worse than it revealed by the scant telegrams leaving the country. The state of things has rarely been so bad at this time of year.

The uplands already lie two yards deep under snow, and the mountain villages of Simplan and other villages are absolutely cut off from the rest of the country. An attempt has been made in the legislature to induce the government to keep those passes open all the year, but the cost was declared to be prohibitory.

From Berne in the beginning of the week several diligences were long overdue, and their arrival was awaited with anxiety. A number of peasants who had gone with cattle from the valleys to the uplands had also been caught, and were quite unable to descend, while efforts to reach them involved much danger.

Why He Raged.

She rose from the great, soft snow heap.

"Don't make a noise, dear," she ex postulated.

But her husband continued to abuse the driver of the sleigh.

"Just I am not really hurt," she whispered.

"No, matter," he returned, "the fellow was slightly careless. A little more and we'd have run one down."

ENDED THE CHITLING FEAST.

When the Negroes Saw the Policemen They Fairly Flew.

The other night two policemen were walking along Vine street when they met an old negro "grandma" coming out of a grocery store with her arms full of packages, says the Kansas City Star.

"Must be goin' to have a feast at your house," said one of the officers. "Goin' to have a chittlin' supper to-morrow night," replied "grandma." "Drap in an' get a bite."

The next night the two officers happened to be passing the house where the old negro "mammy" lived. Sounds of high revelry floated out on the night air.

"Let's go in and see what chittlings are," said one of the officers to the other. "I have heard of such edibles, but don't know what they are like."

"All right, I'll go you."

The officers knocked at the door. Instantly all became silent inside. Then the door was opened a crack. The negroes inside caught sight of the blue clothes and brass buttons.

"Good heavens," some one shouted, "it's the big law."

At once there was a wild scramble to get out. Some went out the back door, but most of them made a dive out the windows, taking sash, glass and all with them. Who the officers got inside and a soul was there except the old negro "grandma," and she was laughing until the tears ran down her face.

"What's the matter with all you guests?" asked one of the policemen. "Why, youalls know them niggers believes they ha'n't no justice in the law," she answered. "But I've might glad you come, cause my ole mam had done a tap o' work for a yeah been tellin' me 'bout his roomatiz an' a limpin' an' a 'groain' aroun'—could n't scarcely move. But he was the fust man out of that windo'—just flew like a deah. Now he's got to go to work. He ha'n't got no mo' roomatiz 'en a rabbit."

Big Rat of Wheeling.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin could reap a fortune were he to spend a day in this city, says a Wheeling (W. Va.) correspondent. Rats as large as good sized cats are swarming in the mill of this city, and in several the work men have threatened to walk out unless the invasion is checked.

Some of the tales are wonderful to relate. In one factory, according to well authenticated reports, a rat was seen to take a tin pail in one of its paws and trot away on the other three feet. Another delft took the lid off a pail in order to get at the goodies he knew were inside. Another dragged a dinner basket by its tail but was unable to get the basket down the rat hole, so he got behind a barrel to investigate his plunder.

The workmen declare they cannot frighten the rodents away, for they show fight. The amazing stories of rodents on the part of the rats grow with each repetition, but there is no question that the rats do eat the la borer's dinners and that there is indignation as a result.

Horse Had Manners.

One of St. Johnsbury's best-known characters and one who has had name and fame perpetuated by having a likeness of himself and team printed on a colored post card, is Orville Russell, formerly associated with the late Russell Sage on Wall street in the early fifties, but being less fortunate than Mr. Sage he has become reduced in circumstances, and now drives around town in a more or less dilapidated looking outfit, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

Orville's wit is keen and he always has an answer ready for any of his friends who attempted to chaff him. One day Orville appeared driving a horse which interested badly, and like its driver, had evidently seen better days.

A prominent business man of the place, accosted Orville with the remark: "Say Orville, your horse seems to interfere some!" to which Orville promptly replied: "He ain't interfering with your business, is he?"

Rigors of Alpine Winter.

The situation in Switzerland, owing to snowstorms, is much worse than it revealed by the scant telegrams leaving the country. The state of things has rarely been so bad at this time of year.

The uplands already lie two yards deep under snow, and the mountain villages of Simplan and other villages are absolutely cut off from the rest of the country. An attempt has been made in the legislature to induce the government to keep those passes open all the year, but the cost was declared to be prohibitory.

From Berne in the beginning of the week several diligences were long overdue, and their arrival was awaited with anxiety. A number of peasants who had gone with cattle from the valleys to the uplands had also been caught, and were quite unable to descend, while efforts to reach them involved much danger.

Why He Raged.

She rose from the great, soft snow heap.

"Don't make a noise, dear," she ex postulated.

But her husband continued to abuse the driver of the sleigh.

"Just I am not really hurt," she whispered.

"No, matter," he returned, "the fellow was slightly careless. A little more and we'd have run one down."

SHIP HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

Meteor from the Heavens Just Missed the Ocean Liner.

New York.—The narrow escape of a liner from destruction by a meteor is related by Capt. Anderson, of the African Prince, one of the vessels of the Prince line. Writing to his principals he says:

"On the evening of October 17 I was on the bridge with the second officer when suddenly the dark night was as light as day and an immense meteor shot, comparatively slowly at first, because the direction was so very perpendicular to our position, then more rapidly, toward the earth. Its train of light was an immense broad electric-colored band, gradually turning orange and then to the color of molten metal."

"When the meteor came into the denser atmosphere close to the earth it appeared, as nearly as it is possible to describe it, like a molten mass of metal being poured out. It entered the water with a hissing noise close to the ship and the consequence had it struck the ship would have been an annihilation without doubt and not a soul left to tell the story of another mysterious loss of a vessel. In every way fitted to undertake the voyage, I am of opinion that some such cause must be attributed to losses so mysterious that neither steamship engineering nor ordinary theory can explain them."

THE GREATEST CURE

FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
DR. KING'S
NEW DISCOVERY

GUARANTEED CURE FOR
Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Quinsy, Hoarseness, Hemorrhage of the Lungs, Weakness of the Lungs, Asthma and all diseases of
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST
PREVENTS PNEUMONIA

Eleven years ago Dr. King's New Discovery permanently cured me of a severe and dangerous throat and lung trouble, and I've been a well man ever since.—G. O. Floyd, Merchant, Kershaw, S. C.

PRICE 50c AND \$1.00

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY

TSCHANEN BROS.

CHICAGO OF 1845 IN OLD BOOK.

Directory Published When Metropolis was a Small Town.

Chicago.—What is believed to be the oldest city directory in existence is arousing great interest among members of the Chicago Historical society. With its yellow leaves and its quaint phrasing, the book is regarded as a volume most valuable to the society. Its owner, Lieut. William Moore, of the Stanton avenue police station, is considering